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A Tragi-COMEDY, called

NEW-Market-FAYRE

OR A

PARLIAMENT

Out-Cry:

OF

State-Commodities,

SET TO SALE.

The Prologue sung by the Cryer.

Come, come away, to the Fayre I say,
for now 'tis the *Saints* Market-day:
Here be pretty things, toys for your *new* Kings,
Scepters, Crowns, Diamonds and Rings:
Manners for pleasure, good *Land*s for your treasure;
good People, here is *measure* for *measure*.
Come *Tom* and *Noll*, *Iane*, *Cisse*, *Sue*, and *Doll*,
and *wise* Aldermen of the *City*,
See but this *Play*, and before you go away
you'l say tis wondrous pritty.
Welcome, welcome with all my heart,
For now the *Cryer* muſt mind his *Part*.

The Third Edition, corrected and amended.

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Bt. from Murray Hill

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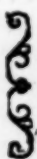
*To his Noble Friend, The Man in the Moon, in Commendation of his
Tragi-Comedy, called NEW-Market-JAYRE.*

Proceed; (*Dear Friends*;) and bid them doe their worst;
Tell them their *Alls* are like themselves *accurst* :
Thine are more *blest* and *happy*, that give *sight*
To *blinde-men*: thy *Moon* it's *clipse* our *shines* their *lights*.
But when our *SOL* but daines to appeare
In the right *Orbe* of his *brigh*t *Hemisphere* :
Then shall *Stags*. *Glow-worms* vanish to their graves;
So ends thy *Play*, and so will end such *Knaves*.
Mean while thou hast the wishes of my heart,
This *Gold* to boot, to write thy *Second Part*.

Thine *W. M. B. In. Tern.*

The Actors Names.

Fairfax,
Crumwell.
Their wives.
Ireton.
Mildmay.
Skippon.



Pride.
Martyn.
Half a score Aldermen.
Rainsbroughs Widow.
Two Cryers.
Three Messengers.

The Scene Westminster.





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SET TO SALE.

*Enter CRYER with a Crown and Scepter, a Cabinet of Jewels;
Suites and Robes belonging to the late King.*

Cryer. **O** Yes, O yes, O yes; here is a golden Crowne
worth many a hundred pound: 'twill fit the
head of a Foole, Knave or Clowne; 'twas
lately taken from the Royal Head of a KING
Martyred; Who bids most? Here is a Scepter for to sway a king-
dom a new reformed way; 'twas usurp'd from one we did lately
betray; pray Customers come away: here be Jewels of won-
drous price, they will dazzle both your eyes; come, come, who
buyes: here be suits of the Kings, Bands, Shirts and Shoo-strings;
here be Stockings; here be shooes and cuffes, and double dou-
ble Ruffs; here be cloaks, hats and gloves, Rings and Bracelets

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of

of his Deer Loves; here be boots and spurs; and bloody handkerchers; with his Roabs that be royal, his Watch & Sun-dial; here be Cabbinets with Letters, to instruct all your betters; his *Meditations & Prayer-book*, in which all Nations may look; here is his *Haire* and *royall-Bloud*, shed for his Subjects good; here be *Liberaries* and *Books*, and *Pictures* that contain his *looks*; here you may all things buy, that belong to *Monarchy*; here's a *Bowl* his *bloud* to *sorrow*, with the *Goods* belonging to his *House*; here be rich *Hangings*, *Chairs*, and *Stools*, belonging to the *House* of *Lordly Fool*; here be seats of *Wool-packs*, and many pretty *knacks*; Come customers buy, for the *State* wants *Money*, my *Candle* is light, and I shut up before night.

Enter Fairfax, Cromwel, Ireton, Pryde, Martyn, Mildmay, and Skippon.

Fair. Gentlemen, welcome to *New-Market-Fayre*; here are *Commodities* worth your *Purchasing*; the spoils of *Tyrant Kings* and of *incessious Queens*, which *We* have crush'd by power of *Arms*; and made them taste Our *high Displeasure* at large, when *Victory* was proud to Honor Us at *Naisbys* happy Field. I hope you'll give me leave to chuse what I like best.

Crom. My Lord, the *Fayre* is proclaim'd, and *Free*: you have no greater priviledge then the meanest here; our *Interest's* all alike in every parcel.

Cry. What want ye Gentlemen? here's *Stately Ware*; The *Goods* oth' King, and his Exiled *Heir*.

Crom. Where is the *Crown* that *Col. Martyn* took from the *Abby at Westminster*, some four yeers since? I think it fits my *Temples*, and is the richest save one, and that the *Rebel Earl of Darby* hath ith' Isle of *Man*.

Cryer. Here 'tis Sir; try it on: So, now 'tis sure, And makes you look more like a King then *Brewer*.

Fair. 'Tis most my Right, and best becomes my head.

Crom. Nor yet my Lord, till *OLIVER* be dead.
Better too Straight, then to have none at all,
Were it but on, — yours should quickly fall.
Here's a hundred pound in gold for it;
And hete's the *Parse* was given me by a *Cist*.

aside.

Cryer.

Cry. A hundred pound bid for the Royall Crowne of *England*; who bids more?

Fair. Here 'tis trebble.

Cry. Three hundred pounds bid for the Royall Crowne of *England*; Who bids more?

Crom. Ile hav't in sight of *Fairfax* or *Fate*,
Although I buy't at ne're so deare a rate :
Here's five hundred pounds: and now 'tis mine.

Fair. But not so hasty sir; Here's a thousand for it :
And more; because Ile make it sure,
Ile give thee in my *Bason* and my *Vre*.

Crom. I caus'd the *Owner* of it loose his head,
And shall I loose his *Crowne* now he is dead ?
No : Did it encompasse the powerfull brows of *J O V E*,
It'd storm the Heavens, and fetch it from above.

Fair. Are you content to share it then ?

Crom. No : A *Crown* admits no Rivall ; Ile all, or none,
He sits unsafe that doth divide his Throne.

Enter my Lady Fairfax, and Mrs. Cromwell.

Fair. Ile try that presently. *draws his sword.*

Mrs Crom. Doe if thou darst ; *(she stands straddling betwixt.)*
Run thy *Blade* in a Woman, doe,
Thou white-liver'd Knave thou; thou art mark'd for a Roague ;
Woo'd I were a man for thy sake. Uds fut ide.——

Lady Fair. What woo'd ye *Mistress Test* and *Graynes* ; marry
foh--- Come up *small-beer* : You'd make your nose as red-hot
as your husbands, and thrust it into his *fizz'ling-place*, woo'd ye
not, *Mistress Brazen-face*.

Mrs Crom. Call me *Mistress brazen-face*--- thou *Rotterdam*
Slut thou; ---call me *brazen-face*. Thou look'st more liker a
Mistress soot-face, or like thy *husbands-face*, then I doe a *brazzen-*
face, or a *copper-face* either; Come, come; I never had a Bastard
by another man, when my husband was at the Leaguer before
Breda; nor I keep nor company with *Cavaliers* at *Taverns* ; nay
at *Bawdy Taverns* too, when thy *Tom Innocent* has been in fight.
Gorge me that, Gorge me that *Madam Turn-cayle*. *(makes horns.)*

Fair. You'l peace, you *Shoe-Otter*, Ile make ye take your *Cop-*
per else; and for *Dipsa-face* thy husband, Ile deale well enough
with him Ile warrant you, *come fire-snowt, draw.* *Mild.*

Mild. Nay, good my Lord, put up your sword; we shall ere long
 I fear have occasion enough to use your Valour: *Fy, fy*, in your
 own Country? wrong your own Countrey? 'tis the way to make
 us loose all we have got, and fetch the Prince in amongst us: Ile
 to the Council of *State*, and take up the buisnesse to all your
 contents Ile warrant ye; in the meantime you may equally di-
 vide the Houses and goods of the Late King, Queen and Prince
 amongst us; you two shall cast lots, which shall be King of Eng-
 land, and which of *Ireland*; *Com. Gen. Ireton* Prince of Wales,
 my self Master of the horse, and clerk of your Majesties Jewels;
Col. Pride will be content with Oatlands, Woodstock - or
 Greenwich to brew in: *Mr. Marry* Lord Chamberlaine; Keep-
 er of your Concubines, or Gentleman. Vther to one of your
 Queens; your Wives may enjoy all the Queens rights; and *Ma-
 jor Skippon* be made Lord High Constable of *England*; *Mr. Good-
 win* Archbishop of *Canterbury*, *Mr. Owen* Archbishop of *York*, and
Hugh Peters of *London*, *John Bradshaw* Lord Chief Justice, *Steel*,
 and *Rolls* of the Privie Counsell, *Pembroke* Controulour, *Denbigh*
 Yeoman of the Wine-seller, *Flemming* Master Cook, *Selden* Se-
 cretary of State, my Lady *Kent* Laundresse, *Miles Corbet* Scul-
 lion; and then we shall have a Kingdom well govern'd, and all
 the People contented to the full: Is not this better then fighting
 and weakening your selves to strengthen the Enemy?

Come, come, let's be all Peace, and cease base jarres,
 Wee look for forrein, not domestique Warres.

Omnes, Content, content; all's Peace; all's Peace.

Mrs Crum. But think ye that WE can brook any thing that
 was the late Queens; No, she was a Strumpet, & a Baggage, and
 all her goods smell of Popery, and savor as strong as the Whore
 of *Babylon*; If the Kingdome will not be at the Charge to finde
 me all things New; by my troath, I will not be their Queen. Doe
 ye think that Ile be Odious to my People? No; they shall be
 proud of the Ornament I weare.

The Gods themselves shall for my love implore,
 My People (like some Goddesse) me adore.

Crum. Be but content, my Dear, the glory of the word is thine.

Thou hast both *Indies* at thy beck; Thy traine

Shall be held up by Queens of *France* and *Spain*. *Ex. Om.*

The

The Scenes changing. Enter a Surveyor, and presents a Landskip; wherein is discovered all the Kings Mannors, Parks, Chases, Forrests, with Horses and Deer feeding.

Enter a Malignant CRYER.

Cryer. **O** Yes, O yes, O yes; Who buyes any of the late Kings Revenues belonging to His Crowns, worth many a hundred Thousand pounds; Here be Mannors, Parks, Forrests and Chases, and good Timber trees that grow on their places; Here be good flocks of Deer, for the Saints to make good cheer; and grown Woods for their feer, here's Cammels, Asses, and Horses, that will mount you more Forces; here be broken Seals, Maces, and Members with hollow hearts, and double faces; here's Deans and Chapters Lands, and Parliament-men with bloody hands: here are perjur'd Knaves and Fools, that have undone Churches and Free-Schols; here's *Grafton & Bel-cause*, that intend to steal half; *Tony Mildmay and Lampier*, are intrusted to sell Deer; here is Taxes of Gold-smiths-hall, Couzening, Cheating, Lying, and the Devil and all; here is a new art of *doubling* come in fashion, but hereafter 'twill prove *double* Damnation: *Ireton* Reports the amendments of the Act, but you may one day see him hang'd for the Fact; these holy-thieves live only by murder and stealth, rob God, King and People for the good of the Common-wealth; here is *Ribmond and Hampton-Court*, and *Windsor-Castle*, and *Hawering* for their sport; here's *Wansted* for *Iudas Mildmay*, that with a kiss did his Master betray; here's *Holmby* a prison to relieve, and *White-hall* full of thieves; here's the *Wardrobe* intended for the poor, and *St. James* that shrowds many a Parliament-mans-whore; here is *Tibury*, *Roy-stone* and *Newmarkes*, to be sold out right, or to be let; here's *Claringdon*, *Northlands*, *Theobalds*, *Woodstock*, & 400l. per an. for my Lord fool-Pembroke; here's *Busby*, *Greenwich* and *Somerset-house*, which will serve the Saints to inherit, and multiply their spirit; besides here be Offices and Gratuities, given for their brethrens lyes; each Parliament man has 4l. per week allow'd him; besides the Revenue, which they think is their due; Delinquents Estates and Church-lands, are all in State-hucksters hands; yet still they be poor, and tax the people more and more; the Self-denying Ordinance, lies in a trance; the war is unjust, grounded on covetousness

ness and Lust. Come Customers and buy——*your own slavery.*
Enter Woolaston, Adkins, Pennington, and 4 Alder-
men more with the Widdow Rainsbrough.

Wool. I have laid out large Sums in purchasing of Bishops Lands; heaven send me comfort of them, and grant I may enjoy them quietly. This news from Sea, and the *Scots* does not please me I promise ye.

Atkins. I have purchas'd some too, and have money in readiness for more. Sister *Rainsbrough* you will have double share for the loss of your dear husband; enough to marry you to a Lord.

Mrs Rainf. Indeed the State is liberal.

Cry. 'I, so they are, of that that is none of their own. *aside.*

Enter Fairfax, Cromwel, Ireton, &c.

Crom. WE must be sudden in our Resolutions, all is lost else; Money is a moveable Commodity; let's Demand a Million of the City: hang 'um, they'r rich enough.

Atkins. Do ye hear that brethren? *(lets stand aside.)*

Crom. Tell them of Mannors, Bishops, Deans, and Chaptrrs Lands; 'tis the way to make the Jovlt-heads untruss——

Atkins. He do't in my Breeches first.

aside.

Fair. But what if they deny us the money?

Ire. My Lord, I am confident they dare not: if they should, we can compel them: Here's an *ill scent* my Lord, pray let's void the room.

Enter three Messengers running.

Crom. Some hasty news——pray heaven 'tis good.

Messengers. Here's Letters for the General. *Crom. reads.*

Crom. We're all undone; our Navy's lost at Sea; *Dublin's* taken; the Prince is Landed with 30000 in the West; the *Scots* are advanc'd with five or twenty Thousand to *Carlisle*; the *Levellers* and *Presbyter*s fly to them; and which is worse, the People generally do our late *Actions* curse. We all are lost.

Cryer. Ha, ha, ha; then you had best all hang yourselves.

Omnis. All People here behold our miseries,

Who live by *Treason*, thus by *Treason* dies.

F I N I S.

they fall upon their swords.

Next Week expect the *Second Part*

